

## THE WASHINGTON HERALD

PUBLICATION OFFICE:  
754 FIFTEENTH STREET, N.W.  
Entered at the post-office at Washington, D. C.,  
as second-class mail matter.

Published Every Morning in the Year by  
THE WASHINGTON HERALD COMPANY,  
Under the Direction of  
SCOTT C. BONE, Editor  
HENRY L. WEST, Business Manager  
Telephone Main 3300. (Private Branch Exchange.)

Subscription Rates by Carrier or Mail.  
Daily and Sunday.....\$5.00 per month  
Daily and Sunday.....\$6.00 per month  
Daily, without Sunday.....\$4.00 per month  
Daily, without Sunday.....\$4.00 per month  
Sunday, without daily.....\$2.00 per year

No attention will be paid to anonymous  
contributions, and no communications to  
the editor will be printed except over the  
name of the writer.  
Manuscripts offered for publication will  
be returned if unavailable, but stamps  
should be sent with the manuscript for  
that purpose.

All communications intended for this  
newspaper, whether for the daily or the  
Sunday issue, should be addressed to  
THE WASHINGTON HERALD.

New York Representative, J. C. WILBERDING  
SPECIAL AGENCY, Brunswick Building.  
Chicago Representative, BARNARD & BRAN-  
HAM, Boyce Building.

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## Inauguration Day.

"By all means let Inauguration Day be changed;  
but let it be put back from the 4th of March to the  
4th of December."—The Outlook.

Dr. Lyman Abbott, in the current issue  
of his magazine, emphasizes the opinion  
long held by students of American affairs,  
that the interval between the election of  
a President and his inauguration is too  
long. He says:

"When there is a change in party, this interval is  
positively dangerous. Once it is made civil war in-  
evitable. Those long weeks that dragged on between  
the election of Lincoln and his inauguration, as  
President were the weeks during which the enemies  
of the Union took advantage of a fettered nation.  
If Lincoln had been President as promptly after  
election as an English prime minister forms his  
cabinet, the country might conceivably have avoided  
civil war, and most certainly would have been in a  
position to prepare for war as to escape its pro-  
longation."

He regards the interval as little less  
deplorable when the election brings about  
no change of party. The present admin-  
istration, he is convinced, suffered by the  
delay. Between the election and inaugu-  
ration of Mr. Taft, there was a halt in  
legislation; an indifference to public opin-  
ion developed "that ought to have been  
impossible in the representatives of any  
self-governing people." It retarded the  
enactment of a new tariff law.

"This interval between command and  
obedience," says Dr. Abbott, "is more  
than an anomaly in a democratic gov-  
ernment; it is a recurrent period of  
paralysis, and at any time may become  
a peril to the nation." And he is un-  
alterably opposed to the pending propo-  
sition, which would prolong the interval by  
"constitutionally fixing a date the last week  
in April as Inauguration Day."

Although this argument is not new, it  
is strongly presented and worthy of  
fullest consideration. On our own part,  
we confess that it has long appealed to  
us. "The interval between command and  
obedience is too long—decidedly too long."

But Dr. Abbott mars his weighty argu-  
ment and belittles his splendid publica-  
tion by ascribing the agitation for a  
change from March 4 to money-making  
motives—to the desires of Washington  
hotel keepers and others who would  
reap a bigger harvest of dollars by a  
postponement of the show. "No such mo-  
tives are behind this agitation. The  
charge is a libel upon the city—it is  
grossly libelous. Washington will always  
be taxed to its capacity on Inauguration  
Day, whatever the date or whatever the  
weather conditions. Instead of this quad-  
rennial event being marked by local  
greed and grasping commercialism, it is  
marked by a display of public spirit and  
patriotism by Washington City of the  
highest order. No other city ever gives  
a finer display of it. The demand for a  
change is based upon humanitarian  
grounds wholly. At least one President  
met his death by exposure to inclement  
weather at his inauguration. A justice  
of the Supreme Court barely escaped  
death by similar exposure. Widespread  
sickness and countless deaths followed  
the hardships incident to the 4th of  
March blizzard, that came concurrently  
with the Taft inaugural ceremonies.

All these things are a matter of record  
of history.  
Inauguration Day may not be changed.  
Indeed, we are beginning to believe it  
will not be. But, nevertheless, it ought  
to be. Such a change as Dr. Abbott sug-  
gests would serve the purpose doubly  
well. But surely the discussion gives war-  
rant for no such libelous things at Wash-  
ington as he has made.

## Chance for the Suffragettes.

Summit, N. J., would not be having its  
fill of trouble at this minute if the  
women of that thriving village could  
vote. No, indeed. All would be serene  
and lovely. The fact is that Summit,  
like some of its larger neighbors, is boss-  
ridden. The boss does not like Miss  
Louise Connolly, the superintendent of  
schools. He wants a man in that pos-  
ition.

Miss Connolly has given satisfaction.  
She is a lecturer to teachers, has the de-  
grees of B. S. and M. S. from Columbia,  
has taken post-graduate work at the Uni-  
versity of New York, studied in Euro-  
pean universities, written half a dozen  
text-books, revised Harvey's Grammar,  
and done other educational and lit-  
erary work; but she does not know how  
to corral votes for the dominant party.

Johnny Lane, who estimates value by  
the power of vote delivery, wants her  
oust, and about 800 citizens of Summit  
want her to remain. That is the present  
status. But there are some powerful in-  
fluences at work aiding the 800, who in  
themselves have little power against the  
boss. Millionaires, editors, clergymen,  
bankers, chalmers, lawyers, and plain  
taxpayers have decided they want Miss  
Connolly retained. They held a meeting  
the other evening to voice their senti-  
ments, but the school board thus far has  
decided that Johnny Lane must be  
obeyed.

Here arises the question of the suf-  
frage. Why not enter into the fray?

If the entire male population of a town  
of representative American citizens can  
accomplish nothing as against the voice  
of a political boss, how about the woman  
in politics? Could she not avail in such  
a crisis? Certainly Miss Connolly is dis-  
serving of all the aid she can command.

## Conservation—Practical Results.

While the forestry scandal is dragging  
its dreary length along and sensationalists  
are indulging in vehement outcries in the  
vain effort to convince the country that  
it is fast going to the demeriton bow-  
wows, it is worth while to pause and con-  
sider the actual status of the cause of  
national conservation.

Has it really suffered? Are spoliation  
and plunderers now freely possessing  
themselves of the public domain? Has  
the great work of conserving our natural  
resources come to a dead standstill since  
Mr. Pinchot and Mr. Ballinger began  
fighting it out?

The answers are furnished in a press  
bulletin just issued by the United States  
Geological Survey.

During the year ended on the 4th of  
March—the first year of the present ad-  
ministration—coal land withdrawals were  
made covering 7,675,000 acres not previous-  
ly withdrawn. New regulations were put  
into effect materially increasing the sale  
price of all such lands, the increase  
amounting in many cases to as much as  
60 per cent. Old regulations fixed the  
maximum price of coal lands at \$5 per  
acre; under the new regulations the maxi-  
mum price per acre thus far fixed for  
any particular area is \$465.

Equally significant results are shown in  
the withdrawals of public phosphate lands  
in Wyoming, Idaho, and Utah, of public  
oil lands in California, Colorado, Oregon,  
Utah, and Wyoming, and of public power  
site withdrawals in nine States.

All this is set out officially and in detail  
in the bulletin referred to. The facts and  
figures, printed elsewhere in this issue,  
are well worth considering by those who  
want accurate knowledge touching the  
conservation work actually accomplished.

The Geological Survey does not appear  
frequently or prominently in the national  
limelight. Its operations are seldom ex-  
plored in the magazines or at the banquet  
board. It figures rarely, if at all, in the  
equation of the oratorical champion of  
the uplift. But it is achieving much in a  
practical way, just the same, in advanc-  
ing the cause of conservation, and thus  
protecting the public welfare.

And it is only fair and just to add, in  
conclusion, that the Geological Survey is  
under the Department of the Interior,  
over which the Hon. Richard Achilles  
Ballinger presides.

## Honoring Peary Abroad.

Whatever else we may say of our Eng-  
lish cousins across the pond, it must be  
conceded that they adjust the distribu-  
tion of honors to their heroes much bet-  
ter than we do on this side of the At-  
lantic. They attempt to discriminate  
politely but positively; this honoree is  
carefully differentiated from that honoree,  
and always with a reason.

We find that the Royal Geographic So-  
ciety of London, for instance, in award-  
ing a medal to our Mr. Peary, of north  
pole fame, was very particular—in-  
sistently particular, indeed—as to its size.

The society thus patiently and pre-  
cisely explains the award:  
"It places Peary ahead of other Stanley  
or Nansen. By the size of the medal conferred  
the society carefully expresses the relative importance  
of the three achievements. Its gold medal to Stanley,  
in 1890, was three inches in diameter; its medal  
to Nansen, in 1895, two and one-half inches; its  
medal to Peary will be four inches in diameter."

We fear our Congress does not under-  
stand the gentle art of handling heroes  
diplomatically. England has been en-  
gaged in the business much longer than  
the United States, and we presume its  
surpassing wisdom is explainable only on  
the ground of long experience. Once a  
hero, always a hero, in John Bull's phi-  
losophy. English heroes never "pass  
back." They take whatever is handed  
them, and refrain from squabbling with  
the umpire! In this land of the free,  
however, it is different. Mr. Peary is re-  
ported to have expressed himself as not  
being profoundly impressed with the idea  
that he may be officially "thanked" by  
Congress. The thanks of Congress, in  
Mr. Peary's perhaps somewhat frayed  
conception of things, butters no parsnips  
worth mentioning. It is all right in its  
way, but Mr. Peary cannot see that it  
weighs much. Maybe he is right. Never  
having been thanked by Congress, we are  
necessarily estopped from saying.

What we probably need to learn in this  
country, of course, is the science of  
medalology. For little, ordinary heroes,  
little, ordinary medals; for fair to mid-  
dling heroes, fair to middling medals; for  
big, whopping, gigantic, Pearyesque he-  
roes, big, whopping, gigantic, Pearyesque  
medals, and up. Thus tagged, we could  
not get mixed on our celebrities if we  
tried.

A Cincinnati man has retired from busi-  
ness with \$1,000,000, declaring that "a mil-  
lion is as much money as any one man  
has the right to possess." His fellow-  
plutocrats probably will suspect him of  
political aspirations.

Mr. La Follette recently threatened to  
speak all night unless a certain Sena-  
torial request was agreed to. Needless  
to add, that settled the matter in Mr.  
La Follette's favor immediately.

"Is the hen a bird?" inquires the Treas-  
ury Department. By the way, is the  
stork a bird?

With eggs coming down and ham going  
up, the price of the combination remains  
the same. You simply cannot beat the  
game. That's all!

It is much to Mr. Rockefeller's credit  
that he does not think the world should  
depend on kerosene oil alone for enlight-  
enment.

England hesitates to abolish the House  
of Lords. When England thinks of the  
many American heiresses still at large it  
may make its hesitation indefinite.

At least, Senator "Jeff" Davis may  
plead that it was not "hush money."

Halley's comet and Ewans-Tunbo will  
come back to civilization about the same  
time. There may be something in this  
present-day talk of trouble soon to come.

Mr. George Bernard Shaw thinks the  
world needs a genuine folk killer, and that  
he should work overtime for a while.

If Mr. Shaw were awarded the job, per-  
haps the most consistent thing he could  
do would be to commit suicide immediately.

Still, if a steam roller should hit the  
Frank Hitchcock Senatorial boom and  
flatten it out to tissue paper thinness,  
Mr. Hitchcock could hardly expect any-  
thing more than a loud laugh from the  
gallery.

"The Dalai Lama is a bad egg," says  
a contemporary. Kept in cold storage  
too long, perhaps.

Mr. James J. Corbett ceased some time  
ago to be the world's champion pugilist,  
but the human being who can outtalk  
or outpuzzle him evidently has not  
yet been born.

A Georgia woman advocates hanging  
as a punishment for violators of the  
prohibition law. We fear it would be  
hard to organize lynching bees in honor  
of such persons, however.

"Senator Gordon has no grouch," notes  
the Birmingham Age-Herald. Indeed, no.  
In fact, Senator Gordon may rightfully  
be dubbed the nation's most eminent  
grouch dispeller.

Oh, for somebody who may be de-  
pendent upon to discover a way to close  
the north pole-Peary incident!

March 4 this year was all right, of  
course. But, Congress, beware! Take  
care! She can both false and truant be!

Senator Lodge has discovered that  
house rent is advancing in Canada. Evi-  
dently, the Senatorial committee to in-  
vestigate the high cost of living is get-  
ting well under way with its work.

Mr. Rockefeller may read his press clip-  
pings for the next few weeks, we imagine,  
and never be afraid for an instant that  
something unpleasant is being said about  
him somewhere.

"We are a herd of wild asses," asserts  
a Columbia professor. Some accompa-  
nying person should show the professor  
a way out of that mystic maze.

The Boston Globe refers editorially to  
"Sec." Root. That, we suppose, is dry  
wit of the Boston persuasion.

A great argument in favor of the auto-  
mobile is that gasoline really is cheaper  
than corn and oats.

"What are we here for?" inquires the  
Detroit Free Press. And whither are we  
drifting, anyway?

"How is the best way to avoid fatigue?"  
asks the Louisville Times. Fighting with  
of Congressional debates and the Bal-  
linger-Pinchot hearing helps some.

Atlanta is considering the substitution  
of Eastern for Central time. Eastern time  
is the variety Washington uses. And  
Washington uses only the best.

The man who inclines to invite trouble  
need not bother to use engraved invita-  
tions. Trouble is mighty democratic about  
that sort of thing.

## CHAT OF THE FORUM.

Chauncey's World Be, Too.  
From the Louisville Courier-Journal.  
Chauncey M. Depew says the Gordon fiasco is  
unique in Senatorial history.

Tests the Completest Vocabulary.  
From the Detroit Free Press.  
It is to be doubted that our vocabulary, complete  
as it is, could stand more than one Pinchot-Ballinger  
row.

Fame in Latin America.  
From the Louisville Courier-Journal.  
Jose Domingos de Oliveira died famous as a Latin  
American ruler who was removed by death instead  
of revolution!

Another of "My Policies."  
From the Kansas City Star.  
President Taft is rapidly reaching the conclusion  
that all the people in the United States are out of  
step except himself.

Secretary Wilson's Anxiety.  
From the Kansas City Times.  
Secretary Wilson is anxious, almost eager, to cor-  
rect any impression that he is unfriendly to the  
mail-carriers of great wealth.

Congressional Gymnastics.  
From the San Francisco Chronicle.  
They don't need a Congressional gymnasium. Pipe-  
laying, log-rolling, and turning campaign committees  
give the statesmen all the exercise they ought to  
have.

A Base Canard.  
From the Austin Statesman.  
There is no ground for the rumor that Col. Roose-  
velt will time his arrival in San Francisco at the  
optimum moment to witness the Jesse-Johnson  
debate and challenge the winner.

What Congress Will Do.  
From the Kansas City Journal.  
Congress will go on shouting economy, all the time  
wasting superfluous appropriations, creating new jobs,  
buying more garden seed, and joining in the general  
protest against the increased cost of living.

An Interesting Question.  
From the Providence Journal.  
"What's wrong with Taft?" asks the Springfield  
Republican. This is one of the most interesting  
questions that has been propounded since William  
Allen White arose to inquire: "What's the matter  
with Kansas?"

Natural Inference.  
From the Boston Transcript.  
Judge (in breach of promise suit)—  
When you told your fiancée to go to  
Hades, did you not consider that equiva-  
lent to breaking your engagement?  
Young Lady—No, your honor.  
Judge—Ah, then you intended to ac-  
company him there.

Mr. Newlywed's Blunder.  
From the Buffalo Express.  
"Bring some matches with you when  
you come home," said Mrs. Newlywed.  
"I sent you a dozen boxes yesterday,"  
he answered.  
"I know, but those were parlor matches.  
These are for the kitchen."

Football Coach Defined.  
From an Exchange.  
Freshman—Say, what is a football  
coach?  
Senior—The ambulance.

## THE NEWSPAPER GUY.

I find a man pushing his way through the lines  
of the cops when the work of the fire-fighters is  
done. "The chief!" I inquire—but a fireman replies:  
"Oh, no; why, that's one of those newspaper guys."

I see a man walk through the door of a show  
where great throngs are blocked by the sign "B.  
R. O."  
"Is this man the star of no ticket he buys?"  
"No, no; that's one of those newspaper guys."

I see a man start on the trail of a crook, and  
he seems the police, but he brings him to  
book.  
"Sherlock Holmes?" I inquire—some one scornfully  
cries:  
"Sherlock—No! Now, that's one of those newspaper  
guys."

And some day I'll pass by the great Gates of Gold  
and see a man pass through unimpeded and bold.  
"A saint!" I'll ask, and old Peter'll reply:  
"No; he carries a pass—he's a newspaper guy."

—Louisville Herald.

## A LITTLE NONSENSE.

EARLY SPRING.  
All the inmates of the woods  
Say that spring  
Has some most capricious moods,  
Peevish thing!

For the crocus has a chill  
Half the day  
And the sprightly daffodil  
Pines away.

In the general alarm  
Each concurs,  
And the only thing that's warm  
Is the furze.

Making a Show.  
"Got an automobile to sell for \$40?"  
"Not yet," answered the good-natured  
dealer, "but you can get into the game  
for that money. Why not buy a tire to  
carry around?"

Verisimilitude.  
"How do you like my poem on a spring  
day?"  
"Well, it's very like the average spring  
day, fine in spots."

Getting Out the Men.  
"I hear that your tea was quite a suc-  
cess; that you had several men present."  
"That is quite true. I had a prominent  
millionaire and four subpoena servers."

Vernal Melody.  
I love the fisherman's sad refrain,  
The birds that sing,  
And all the sounds which appertain  
To gentle spring.

A Business Conference.  
"The junior partner wants to see you  
right away," announced the bookkeeper.  
"I guess it's the bounce for yours."  
"Nix," responded the office boy. "He  
only wants to find out what new players  
have been signed."

All Clear.  
"A philosopher, for instance, is one who  
is satisfied to have a spring. Doesn't  
also insist upon a spring outfit."  
"See. Now I understand why we have  
no female philosophers."

Might Do.  
"Immortal poetry is only written in a  
garret."  
"And we have no garret," sighed the  
sweet girl. "I wonder how it would do if  
I fitted up a den in the cellar?"

## IN EVERYDAY LIFE.

Showing that an Ax Is Sometimes  
More Helpful Than a Gun.

From the Dallas News.  
In the middle of the night the farmer  
rose from his cheaking bed and growled:  
"Doggone that fool," he said; "he's  
got another fit." He stole to the window,  
turned his ear sideways the better to  
hear, and listened.

From the near-by road arose music  
that could only have been created by an  
enthusiastic performer on a jews-harp.  
"Whang-whang-whing-whing," whang-  
whang-whing-whing," resounded the  
jews-harp; "whing-whing-whang-whang-  
whing!" The farmer groaned.  
"He's serenading Jessica," he growled.  
"Serenade! I'll fix him." He crept down  
the creaky stairs to the dining-room and  
took up his shotgun from behind the  
door.

In the hall he met Jessica. Jessica had  
on a peacock blue dressing gown, and  
was blushing. Finally, she was aware  
of the commotion being said her.

"So you hear it?" demanded the farmer,  
dryly; "sounds sorter like a serenade."  
Jessica blushed some more.  
"It's just Ben," she explained; "he's  
always doing something silly like that."  
"Whing-whing-whang-whang-whing-  
whing-whang-whang!" resounded the  
jews-harp; "whing-whang-whang-whang-  
whing!" The farmer groaned.

"There ain't any fool," he said, "tryin'  
to choke off an axe. If I've told him  
once I've told him a million times I'd  
do some'n' to him if he didn't stop that  
infernal racket. Ain't a man got a right  
to sleep? Softly he crept to the window  
and rested the barrel of the old muzzie-  
loader on it, taking aim at the sound  
that showed no signs of becoming weary.  
Then he pulled both triggers.

Two sharp clicks close together re-  
warded him.  
"Who's been foolin' with my gun?" he  
demanded of the terrified Jessica; "some-  
body took off th' caps."

"It was Ben," sobbed Jessica. "He was  
afraid the baby would get to foolin' with  
it." The old man growled. Then he tip-  
toed toward the stairs.

"I guess Ben ain't dullest th' ax so th'  
baby wouldn't hurt itself," he asked, as  
he crept down.  
The girl leaned out the window.  
"Run, Ben!" she called in guarded  
whispers; "pa's gone to get the ax."  
"All right," came from the road. "DM  
you like it?"

"It was fine," called Jessica, "but run,  
Ben. He's awful mad."

How Does It Go?  
From the Cleveland Leader.  
"This makes me sick. Here's another  
Englishman wanting us to omit the third  
stanza of 'The Star Spangled Banner';  
because it's offensive to the British. Well,  
I should say not!" cried the exultant  
patriot. "What? Cut out a single line of  
that dear old song, that every true Ameri-  
can loves and knows as he does the  
prayers he learned at his mother's knee!  
Never!"

"You're right," was assented heartily.  
"But, by the way, how does that stanza  
go?"  
"How does it go? Why—oh—let me  
see. I've got a blamed poor memory for  
songs, anyhow. Just start it for me."

"Gee! I can't. If you'd give me the  
verse before—"

"I can't. But, say—ain't it an out-  
rage?"

Be She Knew What He Meant.  
From an Exchange.  
This story is traveling through Kansas  
now.

"Number?"  
"Blank's grocery, please."  
"Number?"  
"Blank's grocery, please."  
"Number? Haven't you a directory?"  
"I suppose so, but I don't know where  
it is. Blank's grocery, please?"  
"Number?"

"Say, central, are you a lady or a  
man?"

"A lady," central thrilled.  
"Go to heaven, please," and the re-  
ceiver went up with a thud.

Obedience the Regulations.  
From the Buffalo Express.  
"I saw your motorman talking to a  
girl on Main street yesterday."  
"Yes," answered the erstwhile conduc-  
tor, "he is usually stopped by one belle."

Chance for the Censors.  
From the Philadelphia Record.  
Scribbler—I am going to call my new  
play "The Wicked Flee."  
Wigwag—I suppose you'll—try it on  
the dog?

## PEOPLE AND THINGS.

A City of Illusion.  
"There is no more beautiful from the  
outside and no more disheartening city  
from the inside than Constantinople,"  
says Albert Bigelow Paine in Outing.  
From the outside it is all fairyland and  
enchantment. From the inside it is all  
grim and wretchedness. Viewed from  
the entrance of the Bosphorus, through  
the haze of the morning, it is a vision.  
Viewed from a carriage driven through  
the streets, it becomes a nightmare. If  
one only might see it at sunrise, with the  
minarets and domes rising from the fog-  
like, everything aglow with the magic of  
morning, and could be willing then to sail  
away from that dream spectacle, his  
hunger unsatisfied, he would hold at  
least one supreme illusion in his heart.  
For that is what it is—just an illusion—  
the most superb fantasy in the world.  
It is a perpetual show, but hardly a  
pleasant one. It is bewitched and  
raucous. It is wretched. Hawkers,  
guides, beggars, porters weave in and  
out and mingle vociferously. To leave  
the ship is to be assailed from every  
side. Across the street is a row of  
coffee houses, where noisy music and  
singing keep up most of the time. Also,  
there are dogs—scores of them—a wolf-  
ish brood, and they are seldom silent.  
This is the reverse of the picture. As  
the outside is fairyland, so this is in-  
ferno.

## Ten Best Buildings.

The "Brochure Series of Architectural  
Illustration," January, 1910, reported as  
the result of a voting contest of archi-  
tects the following ten buildings, in the  
order of preference in which the names  
are here given: (1) National Capitol,  
Washington; (2) Public Library, Boston;  
(3) Trinity Church, Boston; (4) Congres-  
sional Library, Washington; (5) Colum-  
bia University Library, New York; (6) Trinity  
Church, New York; (7) Madison Square  
Garden, New York; (8) St. Patrick's Cath-  
edral, New York; (9) Biltmore House,  
Biltmore, N. C.; (10) City Hall, New York.

## A Fifteen-foot Hat.

How would you feel, if you were a  
young lady, approaching the sweet-six-  
teen mark in years, and were the re-  
sultant of the expense of a kind-hearted  
uncle, of a superb hat, so large that  
it necessitated a daisy and a couple  
of brawny negroes to deliver the hat  
name? A young lady pupil of a fashion-  
able Los Angeles school for girls would  
be able to answer this question better  
than you, perhaps, for she has experi-  
enced the sensation of such an uncon-  
form gift as a hat measuring some fifteen  
feet in circumference. Of course, she  
must have felt rather strange when first  
she donned this huge piece of headgear,  
but just compensation came in the form  
of chorus upon chorus of expressions of  
admiration and amusement from her  
many girl friends. The hat was trimmed  
with thirty duck wings and was so  
bulky with profusions of gams of the  
milliner's art as to require the assistance  
of four handy pairs of hands to adjust  
it correctly on the young lady's dainty  
head. Decorations in the form of wings  
of mallards, of teal, of widgeon, all  
trophies of her good uncle's fowling,  
piece, were only a part of the finishing  
touches that had been lavished upon the  
gigantic work of art, which reached its  
destination incased in a box six by six  
feet.

## Taxes of Yore.

We do not realize how well off we are  
in the matter of taxes until we delve into  
the records of the past. If one turns  
back to the days of George III, he will  
run across something uncommon in taxes,  
for in the reign of that good monarch  
things were at a white heat in the mat-  
ter of unjust imposition upon the people's  
strong box. The army and navy were in  
urgent need of money, and the chancel-  
lor was at his wit's end as to how to  
produce. He bethought himself of the  
dead, and gravely suggested a tax on cof-  
fins, which proposal recalls necessarily  
the days when one could not be born  
without incurring a tax upon one's proud  
parents. For instance, the birth of an  
eldest son frequently cost a duke as much  
as £30, whereas a cottager was penalized  
to the extent of only a couple of shillings.  
Verily, to be born with a silver spoon in  
your mouth cost money in those days.  
Not only was there once a tax on hair-  
powder, but hair itself has been called  
upon to pay its share of the revenue.

Beards were at various times taxed in  
England. Henry VIII issued a graduated  
levy on beards which compelled the sher-  
iff of Canterbury to pay 2 shillings and 4  
pence for the privilege of wearing a  
beard, while others were forced to make  
payment commensurate with their rank  
and the length of their beards. Queen  
Elizabeth changed all this, however, and  
fixed the same sum for every beard of  
over a fortnight's growth.